

## From Beyond the Grave by ObeyDontStray

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**Summary:**

Joyce takes Hop on an unusual date.

## From Beyond the Grave

### Author's Note:

For jillo0315's (on Tumblr) birthday!

"This is so stupid." Hop fumed, sliding down in the passenger seat, his knees bent against the dash in her tiny car. "We're not going to see anything."

"I've seen stuff here before! The boys have seen stuff here too."

"What, do you guys hunt ghosts in your spare time for fun?" He asked, baffled.

"After trick or treating when the boys were little, I'd bring them out here and we'd make up scary stories while we watched for the ghosts."

"I thought the popular opinion on this was that once you died, you got sent to Heaven or Hell, right? Where does that make room for ghosts?"

"I don't know!" She said defensively. She meant for this to be a fun, unusual kind of date. She sorely misread the idea that he'd be into this. After all they had been through with that...other place, you'd think he'd be able to accept the idea of something like ghosts. After that experience, as far as she was concerned, anything was fair game to be real. Bigfoot, the Loch Ness monster, aliens. Anything's possible now. "This ghost...her husband died in war. You can see her lantern swing as she looks for his body in the dark. I dunno, I kind of like the ideal that love's more powerful than any force on Earth. She'll spend all of eternity looking for him because she loves him."

He let what she said sink in. "And we're here to watch her sad ritual?"

Joyce groaned and retrieved her keys from her jacket pocket. "Just forget it, god." She mumbled. "I was just trying to share me and the kid's tradition with you. They always thought it was fun, catching a glimpse of something you can't fully understand. Something

harmless. We've seen it."

He stilled her hand. "I'm sorry honey. I'm a cop. We're hardwired to be skeptics." He apologized as he took her face in his hand and turned her to face him. "I'm sorry." He said before he kissed her sweetly. "It is a romantic idea, that love can outlast death."

They settled into an easy stillness as midnight rolled around. The only sound being the car radio playing a country station softly. She nearly jumped out of her skin when Hop grabbed her hand. He pointed towards the windshield.

In the distance a shadowy figure paced, a bouncing light ahead of it. "Holy shit you were right!" He whispered. He gripped Joyce's hand tighter. After a brief stretch across the open field, the figure and the light vanished. "Holy shit! He breathed.

Joyce stuck the key in the ignition, the sound of the engine breaking the stillness of the night. Hop sat back in his seat, a little shaken up over what he had just witnessed.

"Still don't believe in ghosts?" She asked. "You made a believer out of me!" He said lowly.